

# The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

**SUBSCRIPTION:**—Stamped for Postage, 20s. per annum—Payable in advance, by Cash or Post Office Order, to BOOSEY & SONS, 28, Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1858.

{ PRICE 4d.  
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**SIGNORA FUMAGALLI, SIGNOR DI GIORGI,** and **MR. CHARLES BRAHAM** (Conductor, Signor Vianesi). All applications for the provinces, or the metropolis, to be addressed to Mr. Charles Braham, Manager.

**MR. AGUILAR** begs to announce that his **Matinée** Musicales will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, May the 24th. Further particulars will be duly announced.

**MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, Naples,** Pompeii, and Vesuvius every night (except Saturday) at 8; and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 3. Places can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian-hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—FLORAL BAZAAR,** for the Exhibition and Sale of Spring Flowers, on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday next, 14th, 15th, and 16th of April. Open each day at ten. Admission, 1s.; children under twelve, half-price.

**MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED** (late Miss P. Horton) will repeat their Entertainment every evening, except Saturday, at Eight. Saturday afternoon at Three. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s., secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

**MR. CHARLES DICKENS** will read his **CHRISTMAS CAROL** for the BENEFIT of the HOSPITAL for SICK CHILDREN, on Thursday evening, April 15th, at Eight o'clock, at St. Martin's Hall. Stalls, 5s.; Area and Galleries, 2s. 6d.; Back Seats, 1s. Places can be secured, and tickets had at St. Martin's Hall; the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; and at the Hospital, Great Ormond-street.

**HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.**—These elegant and convenient rooms having been re-decorated and entirely new-lighted with the brilliant sun-lights, are to be let for Concerts, Public and Private Balls, Bazaars, Meetings, &c. No concert-rooms can compete with them for sound, for either vocal or instrumental music, or for public speaking. For terms apply at the Rooms, No. 4, Hanover-square, between the hours of ten and four daily.

**TONIC SOL-FA ASSOCIATION.—CHORAL MEETING, EXETER HALL, Thursday, April 15.** The choir of eight hundred voices will sing a selection of English glories, part songs by Mendelssohn, a chorale of J. S. Bach, and the "Amen" chorus from Handel's MESSIAH. A brief lecture by Rev. John Curwen between the parts. Doors open at Seven; to commence at Half-past Seven precisely. Tickets for Area, 1s.; Western Gallery, 1s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.; at Ward and Co., 27, Paternoster-row; and of the music-sellers.

## PROGRAMME

### MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S FIRST SOIREE (SECOND SERIES),

ON  
WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 14th, 1858,

AT  
WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

**PART I.**—Sonata in E flat, Pianoforte and Violin (No. 18), Mozart (Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Sinton); Grand Sonata in D major (Op. 106), (the last Pianoforte Sonata composed by Hummel) Hummel (Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard); Fuga Scherzando and Fuga, in A minor—No. 15 from book 9, and No. 2 from book 4 of F. C. Griepenkerl's "Complete Collection of the Pianoforte Works of J. S. Bach"—(repeated by desire) J. S. Bach (Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard).

**PART II.**—Sonata in A major (Op. 101), Beethoven (Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard); Grand Quartett in F minor (No. 2), Pianoforte, Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, Mendelssohn (Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sinton, Herr Goffrie, and Sig. Piatti).

The Second Soirée will take place on Wednesday, April 25th, the third on euesday, May 12th.  
Subscription Tickets for the Series, One guinea; Reserved Places for a single Soirée, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved Places, 7s.—to be had only of Miss Arabella Goddard, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square; and of the principal music publishers.

## MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.

### NOTICE.

**C. E. MUDIE** has the pleasure to announce that the alterations in progress at his Library are now sufficiently advanced to provide increased accommodation for the Subscribers, and greater facilities for the rapid exchange of books. The supplies of the higher class of works, for the circulation of which the Library was originally established, are also largely increased, and will be further augmented by the addition of more than One Hundred Thousand Volumes in the course of the present and ensuing season.  
509, 510, & 511, NEW OXFORD STREET,  
AND 20 & 21, MUSEUM STREET, LONDON.  
April, 1858.

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The Subscribers and the public are respectfully informed that the **FIRST CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday Evening next, the 12th of April. Programme: Sinfonia in D, No. 4, Mozart; Concerto in F minor, pianoforte, Mr. W. G. Cusins, Sterndale Bennett; Overture, Athalia, Mendelssohn; Sinfonia in A, No. 7, Beethoven; Concerto in E, No. 4, violin, M. Sinton, David; Overture, Freischütz, Weber. Vocal performers, Madame Castellan and Miss Dolby. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc. To begin at Eight. Subscription for the season, Three Guineas; Single Ticket, 15s.—to be had of Messrs. Addison, Hollier, and Lucas, 210, Regent-street.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—The Vocal Association, Conductor, M. Benedict.—On Friday next, April 16th, will be performed the whole of Locke's music to **MACBETH**, with the Entr'Actes composed for the State Performance in honour of the Marriage of the Princess Royal by M. Benedict. Also, the overtures to "Oberon" and "Guillaume Tell;" Flute concert-solick, R. S. Pratten, with full orchestra; Part-songs, Kücken, Abt, Benedict, and Luca Marensio, by the Vocal Association of 500 voices. Artists already engaged—Madame Weiss, Madlle. Finoli, Miss Lascelles, Mr. W. Thomas, and Mr. Weiss. Flute, R. Sidney Pratten. Band and Chorus of 400 performers. Further particulars will be duly announced. Tickets, 2s. 6d., 5s.; Balcony Stalls (numbered), 7s. 6d.; Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d., to be had of Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, 201, Regent-street; Mr. Hammond, Regent-street; Messrs. Sams' Library, St. James's-street; Messrs. Leader and Cock, 63, New Bond-street; Messrs. Chappell, 50, New Bond-street; Mr. R. W. Olivier, 19, Old Bond-street; Messrs. Keith and Prowse, 45, Chancery; and Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 35, Old Bond-street.

## V. R. UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN, H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT, AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

**DR. MARK** begs most respectfully to announce that he is open to engagements with his highly approved, interesting, pleasing, and instructive

### MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

ENTITLED

### DR. MARK AND HIS LITTLE MEN,

numbering upwards of thirty Instrumentalists, and a most effective Chorus, the whole forming a most complete and unique

### JUVENILE ORCHESTRA,

COMPOSED OF

Little English, Irish, and Scotch boys, from five to sixteen years of age, who play operatic selections, solos, duets, quartets, quadrilles, marches, and polkas; and sing songs, choruses, &c. in a most effective manner, and to whom he gives a gratuitous general and musical education in order to illustrate his highly approved system of musical education, and with whom he travels about the country to excite an interest for and help to establish musical institutions called "Conservatoires of Music" for little children in every town, city, and village of this great empire.

All letters address, please, Free Trade Hall, Manchester, or to the under-mentioned places of engagements.

**Dr. Mark** and his Little Men will perform at the Market Hall, Hanley, April 12.  
**Dr. Mark** and his Little Men will perform at the Town Hall, Burslem, April 13.  
**Dr. Mark** and his Little Men will perform at the Town Hall, Stoke, April 14.  
**Dr. Mark** and his Little Men will perform at the Mechanics' Institute, at Stafford, April 15 and 16.  
**Dr. Mark** and his Little Men will perform, April 17, at Rugeley.

**MADAME LEMMENS SHERRINGTON** has returned to town for the season.—All communications to be addressed to 7, Hyde Park-street, Baywater.

**MISS CORELLI** has returned to town for the season. All communications for engagements to be addressed to 24, James-street, Buckingham-gate.

**TO THE MUSIC TRADE.**—Wanted a Shopman for the Paper Trade. Apply to Forsyth Brothers, Music Warehouse, 8 St. Ann's-street, Manchester.

**TEACHER OF THE PIANOFORTE.**—A lady receives pupils, or attends schools and private families. Highly satisfactory testimonials of references.—Terms, per Quarter, a Guinea and a half, or by the lesson. Address A. B., care of Messrs. Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

**WORCESTER CATHEDRAL CHOIR.**—A Vacancy has occurred in the Bass Department of the above Choir, which it is proposed to fill up on Thursday, the 22nd instant. Candidates are requested to forward their testimonials as early as possible to the Rev. T. L. Wheeler, Precentor, Bromwich-house, Worcester, and to appear personally at the morning service at ten o'clock on the above-named day.

April 8th, 1858.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.**—The Profession is respectfully informed that the above Society has removed its offices and extensive library to Wernum's Music Hall, 16, Store-street, where all particulars may be obtained on Wednesdays and Thursdays, between 3 and 4 o'clock.

April 10th.

W. W. GRICE, Secretary.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—The Easter Term commences on Monday the 10th April, 1858. Candidates for admission must attend at the Institution for examination on Saturday, the 17th inst. at 3 o'clock.

By order of the Committee of Management,  
Royal Academy of Music, J. GIMSON, Secretary.  
Tenterden-street, Hanover-square,  
April 8th, 1858.

**CHEAP MUSIC.**—The Verdi Album (112 pages), 6s. Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, edited by J. W. Davison (101 pages), 7s. 6d., cloth and gold. Laurent's Album of Dance Music (75 pages), 5s. 11. Travatore and La Traviata, complete for the pianoforte, 5s. each, in cloth. 100 dances for the violin, 1s. Cassa's 100 melodies for concertina, 1s. Boosey's complete operas for violin, 1s. each. Balf's new singing method (45 pages), 6s. Any one post free. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

**CONCERTINA CLASSES.**—The increasing popularity of the Concertina induces Mr. Case to project a series of CLASS MEETINGS for the purpose of imparting instruction in this instrument to persons unacquainted with music, and also as a means of supplying agreeable pastime to those already somewhat advanced. Mr. Case proposes to hold a class for ladies in the afternoon, and one for gentlemen in the evening, the terms to each to be fixed at such a rate as will admit of all persons joining them. Mr. Case trusts that a permanent course of instruction, at a moderate cost, will be the means of rendering the Concertina still more generally popular, feeling assured that its many peculiar advantages over other instruments will ultimately gain it the preference with all anxious to excel in music with as little trouble as possible. Persons desirous of joining these classes are requested to communicate with Mr. Case, to the care of Boosey and Sons, 28, Holles-street.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The Theatre will open on Tuesday next, April 13, when will be produced (first time at this Theatre) Meyerbeer's opera of **LES HUGUENOTS** (Gli Ugonotti). Valentine, Madlle. Titiens; the Queen of Navarre, Madlle. Orsini; the Page, Madlle. Luciani Landi; Raoul de Nangis, Sig. G. Gullini; Marcel, Sig. Valetti; Count of Nevers, Sir. Aldighieri; and Count of St. Bris, Sig. Balotti. Conductor, Sig. Arriti. With scenery, entirely new and original, by Mr. Masset. Dresses, entirely new, and taken from the best authorities, by Mad. Coëre, and executed by M. Laureys and Mrs. Masterman. The mise-en-scène and incidental ballet by M. Masset. Description of the Scenery:—Act I, Scene 1st.—Tour du Saloon in the Castle of the Count de Nevers. This scene has been composed in the Renaissance style, after Francis I. Scene 2nd.—Park and Castle of Chenouan, composed from sketches made in the vicinity of Antibes. Act II.—Paris.—The Pré-aux-Clercs and View of Paris in 1872, from the etchings of S. Silvestre. Act III.—Paris.—The Castle of De Nevers—Interior. Old French Gothic style, with Renaissance enrichments. Act IV.—Paris.—Chapel of the Huguenots—A Quarter of Paris, from the etchings of S. Silvestre.

The National Anthem will be sung after the opera—the principal soprano part by Madlle. Titiens.

In order that the great work, **THE HUGUENOTS**, may be produced with the fullest effect, no Divertissement, except that incidental to the opera, will be given on the first night.

The new Ballet Divertissement by M. Masset, entitled **LE RENVOI DE L'AMOUR**, will be produced on Thursday, 15th instant (it being a Subscription night on Saturday, 24th July), for the first appearance of Madlle. Pocchini.

On Tuesday, April 20, Madlle. Piccolomini will make her first appearance this season as Norma, in Donizetti's opera of **DON PASQUALE**, and shortly after in **LUISA MILLER**.

A limited number of Boxes have been reserved for the public, price 21s. and 31s. 6d. each.

The full prospectus of the season arrangements may be had at the Box-office.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—SEASON 1858.—

The approach of another season lays upon the Directors of Her Majesty's Theatre the welcome duty of acknowledging the continued kindness and confidence by which its friends have never failed to supply a sure guarantee of success, and a constant stimulus to new exertions.

The past year was distinguished by events which call for especial recognition. The gracious selection of Her Majesty's Theatre as the scene of the Royal Festivities, on the auspicious occasion of the Nuptials of Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, has added new lustre to the historical distinction which the Opera House has so long enjoyed as the favoured resort of the Court and Aristocracy of Britain.

The Director has again to record his grateful appreciation of the noble and munificent encouragement which, after achieving the re-establishment of the theatre, has continued, with discriminating taste, to guide and sustain the efforts made in each successive year to maintain for the Opera of London its fitting place among the musical institutions of Europe. That position is now amply recognised in every continental capital, and the approving verdict of the audience of Her Majesty's Theatre is universally accepted as the highest testimonial which an artist can produce.

The last year has contributed to extend, as well as to elevate, the influences of the establishment, and to exhibit it in the largest sense as a national institution. The subscribers, by whose effective encouragement during the season the experiment of a supplementary series of popular performances was alone rendered possible, will have the gratification of knowing that they have not only secured and improved for themselves their accustomed recreation, but have been the means of conferring upon a wider circle the refined enjoyments of the highest musical art.

The operatic features of the last season must still be fresh in the memory of all. Besides other additions to the talent secured in former years, the resources of the theatre were enriched by the acquisition of a tenor whose artistic genius and surpassing sweetness of voice were instantaneously recognised by the judgment of musical connoisseurs, and by the instinctive appreciation of every lover of melody.

The Directors have been fortunate enough to retain the invaluable aid of Madlle. Piccolomini, Sig. Gullini, and all the vocalists who contributed to past successes; and is able to announce, in the approaching debut of Madlle. Titiens, an event which it is believed will distinguish the season of 1858 as the first appearance of Sig. Gullini marked that of 1857.

It is seldom that nature invests in one person all the varied gifts which are needed to form a great soprano. A voice whose register enables it to claim this rank is of the rarest order. The melodious quality and power, which are not less essential than an extended register, are scarcely more common. Musical knowledge, executive finish, and perfect intonation are indispensable; and to these the prima donna should add dramatic force and adaptability, and a large measure of personal grace. Even these rare endowments will not suffice unless they are illuminated by the fire of genius.

How nearly the high ideal is approached by Madlle. Titiens, and how much more nearly it may hereafter be reached under the same genial encouragement which has developed the powers of so many aspirants, the friends of the Opera will have an early opportunity of judging.

The Director has again the satisfaction of expressing his sincere gratitude to all his artistic friends within the Theatre, for the unflinching zeal and devotion which have enabled him to record the completion of another season without a single deviation from the performances announced.

Each representation will be made as effective as possible, and the Director hopes, by unceasing exertions, to meet the continued confidence of the Subscribers and the public.

## OPERA.

Mesdles. Theresa Titiens (principal soprano of the Imperial Opera, Vienna), Spezia, Ortolani, Luciani (of the Scala, Milan, and principal theatres of Italy, her first appearance), Ghini (of the principal theatres of Italy, her first appearance), Sondina, Granaglia, Madame Albani, and Madlle. Piccolomini, Sig. Gullini, Beati, Mattioli (of La Scala, Milan); Teatro Regio, Turin; and Royal Theatre, Madrid, his first appearance), Benevenuto, Rossi, Aldighieri, Mercuri, Casoli, Violiti, and Belliti.

**DIRECTORS OF THE MUSIC AND CONDUCTORS.**—The ability shown by Signor Arriti, engaged during the past successful winter performances, has induced the Directors to retain his valuable services; and Signor Bonetti, whose talented exertions have given general satisfaction, has been re-engaged, and will arrive immediately after the termination of the Italian Opera Season at Paris.

## BALLET.

Mesdles. Pocchini, Anetta Orsini (of La Fenice, Venice, her first appearance in England), Rola, Ernestina Bionetti (her first appearance), Pasquali, Morlacchi, Rosetti, Marie Taglioni, and Madlle. Rosati. M. Durand, M. Alfred Carré (of the Académie Impériale, Paris, his first appearance). The Corps de Ballet will be composed of Pupils of the School of Instruction and others selected with care. Director of the School of Instruction and Maître de Ballet, M. Masset; Régisseur de la Danse, M. Peit; Leader of the Ballet, M. Naudin. An engagement has also been effected with the eminent Maître de Ballet, Sig. Rola.

The répertoire will consist of a selection from the works of Meyerbeer, Bellini, Verdi, Donizetti, Rossini, and Mozart.

The first work to be produced will be (first time at this Theatre) Meyerbeer's grand opera of **LES HUGUENOTS**—Valentine, Madlle. Titiens; Raoul, Sig. Gullini—which has been for a long time in active preparation, and will be produced on a scale and with an effect worthy of this great work. The minor, as well as the principal parts, will be effectively filled. The scenery has been prepared with great care. The first act will comprise a scene, drawn from nature, on the picturesque banks of the Loire, the locality of the action. The other scenes will present features of great interest. The dresses will be historically correct.

Shortly after will be produced (first time at this Theatre) Verdi's opera of **LUISA MILLER**. Luisa Miller, Madlle. Piccolomini. The libretto founded on the celebrated drama of Schiller, "Kabale und Liebe."

Other novelties are in contemplation, and amongst them, should the arrangements of the season permit, it is intended to produce Flotow's opera of **MARTHA**. The engagement of Madlle. Titiens will enable the Directors to resume several works that have not been given for years.

A NEW BALLET by M. Masset, is in active preparation, in which Madlle. Pocchini, who has arrived in London, will appear, entitled **FLEURS DE CHAMPE**. The general favourite, Madlle. Marie Taglioni, will arrive early in May.

The Subscription will consist of Thirty Nights, and the terms will be as follows:—Pit Boxes, 150 guineas; Grand Tier, 200 guineas; One Pair, 160 guineas; Two Pair, 100 guineas; Pit Stalls, 25 guineas.

## ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE second grand concert in aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital took place on Saturday evening, the 27th ult., and drew even a more numerous audience to the new music-hall than the first. We append the programme, which was, on this occasion, exclusively secular:—

PART I.—Overture, "Leonora"—Beethoven. Quartet, "Over the dark blue waters"—C. M. v. Weber; Aria, "In diesen heil'gen Hallen"—Mozart; Part-song for eight voices, "This house to love is holy"—Meyerbeer; Duet, (Les Diamans de la Couronne)—Auber; Concert-stuck,—Pianoforte—C. M. v. Weber; Part-song, "Sleep, gentle lady"—Sir Henry Bishop; The Music to Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream.

PART II.—Quartet and Chorus, (Euryanthe)—C. M. v. Weber; Canzonet, "The Spirit's Song"—Haydn; Song, "I am a roamer" (Son and Stranger)—Mendelssohn; Solo, Violoncello—Piatti; Recitative and Air (with chorus), "The Queen's greeting" (May Day)—G. A. Macfarren; Duetto, "O la bella imminente" (Betley)—Donizetti; Fandango, Violin, with orchestral accompaniments—Molique; Duet, "Sull' aria"—Mozart; Part-song for male voices, Suabian National Air, "The Three Roses"; Coronation March (Le Prophète)—Meyerbeer.

The above selection afforded universal pleasure, although it was infinitely too long. We must not, however, be critical on a charity concert. The part-song of Meyerbeer—"This house to love is holy"—was a highly-interesting novelty, and, doubtless, will be heard of often. This, and all the choral music, was intrusted to the members of the Vocal Association. The solo singers were Mad. Borchardt, Miss Dolby, Mad. Sherrington Lemmens, Miss Kemble, Sig. Luchesi, Herr Deck, Messrs. Montem Smith, Santley, and Weiss. The solo instrumentalists were Herr Molique (violin), Sig. Piatti (violoncello), and Miss Arabella Goddard (pianoforte).

The band was as numerous as could be expected under the circumstances. By "the circumstances" we mean the very confined space afforded by the orchestra, more than four-fifths of which was monopolised by the great organ and the chorus. There being no room for a pianoforte, a "supplementary platform," to speak politely, or to speak plainly, a sort of foot-stool was manufactured for the occasion. Upon this was placed Miss Arabella Goddard, who had almost to "elbow" the public. But nothing could spoil her magnificent playing; and the audience not objecting to have so near a view of her "magic fingers," received her with enthusiasm and honored her with a regular "ovation" at the end of the *Concert-stück*. The whole scheme of the orchestra must nevertheless be rectified, for more reasons than one, if St. James's Hall is to assume the position of the first music-room in the metropolis, which we sincerely hope it may attain. At present there is no use in concealing the fact, that however favourable may be the acoustic dispositions of the hall, the arrangements in the orchestra are so ill contrived that it is impossible to pronounce any opinion on the subject.

Mr. Benedict was the conductor. We are glad to hear that a very considerable sum has been realised for the Hospital by the two splendid concerts instituted under this gentleman's direction.

M. HAMMER.—A pianist of this name is about to give a concert in Paris. By all means let him come to London. St. James's Hall will "grab" at him. M. Hammer! How many eminent *virtuosi* might be named after him?

MUSIC WITH TUNES IN IT.—Several weeks had passed, and the legitimate opera season had closed, but a few extra nights were being given, at playhouse prices, and the works of Mozart and Beethoven, which are quite good enough for vulgarians, had succeeded to the noises invented by Signor Verdi for destroying all the voices of Italy. Mr. Philip Arundel had procured a box for a *Fidelio* night, and Margaret had experienced that singular sensation of elevation, and of pleasure of which the soul refuses to be ashamed, which is felt by the young and unworn mind when brought into contact with a creation of genius. The opera was over. Aunt Spencer had, of course, been terribly bored; she liked music with tunes in it, as her definition went.—(*The Gordian Knot*, by Shirley Brooks).

## VOCAL ASSOCIATION.

THE first of a series of six grand concerts was given on Wednesday evening in St. James's Hall by the members of the Vocal Association under the direction of Mr. Benedict. The weather was fearfully inclement; the rain never ceased to descend in torrents; and yet the music-room was crowded by a brilliant audience. The cause was the never-failing attraction attached to the name of MENDELSSOHN, from whose compositions the whole programme was selected:—

## PART I.

Symphony in A Major	... ..	Mendelssohn.
Choral Part Songs—"For the New Year;"	...	
"Hunting Song"	... ..	Mendelssohn.
Concerto, Violin (M. Sainton)	... ..	Mendelssohn.
Finale—"Loreley"—Solos by Miss Stabbach	... ..	Mendelssohn.

## PART II.

Overture—"Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage"	... ..	Mendelssohn.
Grand Scena—(Madame Castellan) "Infelice"	... ..	Mendelssohn.
Capriccio Brillante, pianoforte (Miss Arabella Goddard)	... ..	Mendelssohn.
Choral Part Songs (male voices)—"The Hunter's Farewell;" "Eastern Drinking Song"	... ..	Mendelssohn.
Part Songs—"O wert thou in the cauld blast;" "I would that my love" (Madame Castellan and Miss Fanny Huddart)	... ..	Mendelssohn.
The Walpurgis Night—(Solos by Miss Huddart, Mr. Winn, and Mr. M. Smith).	... ..	Mendelssohn.

Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

Of the familiar, often played, but always fresh and enchanting symphony, it is unnecessary to say more than that—like the much less frequently heard overture, in which a calm sea and a pleasant voyage are so poetically illustrated—it was thoroughly enjoyed. Nevertheless, we could willingly have dispensed with the symphony for the sake of hearing the *Walpurgis Night*, the longest and most important work of the evening, first. As it was, a great number of the audience left before the *Walpurgis Night* began. The fact is, as a morning contemporary has observed, there was too much music at this concert, by at least half an hour. The ear cannot listen to, nor the mind be impressed with, so many pieces at a sitting. The music of Mendelssohn must be heard with deep attention, and this in itself involves a kind of mental task which, at last, becomes fatiguing. Concert projectors should take into consideration such indispensable conditions of the human economy.

The choral part-songs were admirably selected, and the members of the Vocal Association afforded the utmost gratification to their subscribers by the manner in which they executed them, one and all. Of the two-part songs allotted to Madame Castellan and Miss Fanny Huddart, "I would that my love could silently flow" (as exquisite a melody as ever presented itself to the imagination of composer) was encored, in spite of a strong and sensible protest from the majority of the audience. We are glad to observe that a steady opposition is being organized among discriminating amateurs against this abominable system of encoring, which has been a pest in our concert-rooms time out of mind.

Madame Castellan gave the fine *scena*, "Infelice," with energy and feeling, but did not completely realise the intentions of the composer.

The violin concerto was superbly played by M. Sainton, who, moreover, took the finale in the genuine "*presto*" time, which to the *scherzi* of Mendelssohn is indispensable. The great French violinist achieved a genuine success, and retired "covered with well earned laurels."

The *Capriccio Brillante* in B minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, with Miss Arabella Goddard at the pianoforte, was one of the most perfect performances ever heard. In spite of its gloomy character, not absolutely relieved by the bright and characteristic episode *a la marcia* with which the principal subject is alternately contrasted and mixed up, this *capriccio* can be made as brilliant and effective as either of the concertos—which Miss Goddard (whose "temporary platform" was this time raised to the level of the orchestra—a manifest improvement) proved triumphantly. Her whole performance was as animated, as



instinct with fire and energy, as it was graceful and expressive wherever the passionate character of the movement yields to those gentle touching and melodious phrases that contrast with the rest so charmingly. Miss Goddard was enthusiastically applauded for this masterly display, and never was applause more justly bestowed.

One of the marked successes of the evening was the glorious *finale* to *Loreley*, in the solo parts of which Miss Stabbach exerted herself with commendable zeal. The audience were enchanted with this noble piece, every bar of which is an inspiration of genius, and testified their delight by the warmest demonstrations at the end. The *Walpurgis Night*—alas!—we were unable to hear, since it was nearly eleven o'clock before it commenced, and the audience had already enjoyed fine music enough to satisfy the most inordinate craving. Mr. Benedict directed the orchestra and chorus, and accompanied the two-part songs on the piano, with that artistic earnestness and consummate ability for which he is justly famed.

#### MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

MR. LESLIE and his redoubtable choir gave their seventh concert on Thursday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, when, although the weather was as bad as if the forty days of St. Swithin had been concentrated in one, there was a crowded audience. After this, who will say that the inhabitants of London are not "musical?"

The concert began with the part-song "O, who will o'er the downs so free?" by Mr. Pearsall, which, although composed no earlier than 1852, has (its merits considered) been performed a vast deal too often. At the very best, it is a pretty tune smoothly harmonised. To pretty tunes, smoothly harmonised, we have of course no objection; but to hear them once now and then is quite enough. J. Bennet's "Flow, O my tears," composed 257 years earlier (in 1599) is nearly 257 times better. Coming after the other, it was quite refreshing to ears attuned to harmony, and able to appreciate the noble art of vocal part-writing. The next piece was one of Bishop's most conventional and hacknied glees "Blow, gentle gales," sung by Miss Lucia (Lucy would be more melodious) Fosbroke, Mrs. Dixon (not a bad *contralto*), Messrs. Regaldi, A. Bushby, and Matthews. If "Blow, gentle gales" were scattered to the winds we should not be sorry. Rarely has Bishop *tiddled* so much as in this monotonous five-part glee. Then followed two part-songs for male voices by Mr. J. L. Hatton, both of them very weak specimens of his talent. The first, "Though long years have passed away," is somniferous to poppification; the second, "Our ship now goes with a pleasant gale," is extremely common-place and boisterous. The latter, nevertheless, was so admirably sung, that it was "encored," and Mr. Henry Leslie (who ought to know better,) in spite of the admonition of *Punch* (which we append):—

#### "THE ENCORE NUISANCE."

"Certainly in one respect, at any rate, we agree with a contemporary that the new St. James's Hall has been most promisingly opened, and the occasion gave betokenment and sign of a new era in our musical entertainments. The respect which we refer to is that on the night of the Inauguration Concert the programme was gone through without there being an encore. As far as our experience enables us to judge, this fact is unparalleled in concerts now-a-nights; and on this account alone, if for no other reason, the opening of the Hall deserves a special mention in our world-read columns. A performance of such promise reflects a like credit upon all who took a part in it, whether vocally or instrumentally, or indeed aurally. The audience did their parts as well as band and singers, and the result was a success beyond the wildest hopes of the well-wishers of the Hall. To inaugurate a Concert-room without suffering an encore is an achievement such as even the most sanguine would have hardly dared to dream of; and every one of those who had a hand or voice or ear in it, we heartily congratulate upon the triumph they have won.

"Encores are not solely matters of bad taste. They result from greediness more even than from ignorance. People have a tendency to try and get as much as they are able for their money, and are especially delighted if they can manage to get something more than what they've paid for. Your shop-hutress is charmed with half-an-ounce of over-weight, or an inch or two of ribbon more than has been charged her;

and persons who contrive to swindle an encore are gratified by thinking that they've got a something given in, and are apt to pride themselves upon their sharpness in so doing. Now it may do these people good to take this ill conceit out of them; and the best cure for their cheating is to show their fancied sharpness only proves them to be flats. It may be assumed that the getters up of Concerts know pretty well the money's worth of what they have to offer; and make allowance in their estimates for the chance of being asked to give a trifle over-measure. Caterers of music, in drawing up their programmes, reckon the encores as part of the performance, and so shorten their selection, in order to make room for them. They have to pay their *artistes* for a fixed amount of work, and of course must keep the quantity within the stipulated limits.

"Herr Splittskull is engaged to sing four songs per night, and as he's sure to be encored, he is announced to sing two only. Herr Splittskull knows the current value of his notes, and of course will not part with them without their aureous equivalent. He is not a whit more likely to give a song in *gratis*, than a pastry-cook would be to let the buyer of a bath-bun take another without paying for it. In persisting therefore to encore the Herr, the public in reality gains worse than nothing. It gets two songs sung twice over, instead of four distinct and fresh ones. It thinks to cheat the Herr, while in fact it cheats itself, getting two stale buns and paying for two new ones; and the verdict we should bring in would be, Serve it right.

"We perfectly agree with our contemporary aforesaid that Mr. Owen Jones has shown both taste and skill in the internal decoration, and the St. James's Hall may be pronounced by far the most complete and highly ornamented Concert-room in London. Nevertheless, as there is nothing which *Punch* could not improve, if allowed to take his way with it, we think if Mr. Owen Jones had consulted us beforehand, we could have suggested an amendment in the way of decoration which might have pleased the audience as well as the spectators. We should have proposed that on the walls and ceilings of the Hall, and especially conspicuous upon the orchestra and organ, the words should be—

#### "No Encores Allowed,"

"All caterers of concerts should take this as their motto, and emblazon it on all their programmes and admission tickets; and efficient M.C.'s should attend at the performances, to take care that the rule be strictly carried out. Anybody willfully demanding an encore, or aiding and abetting any swindler who might do so, should be taken up and sentenced to attend the House of Commons every evening for a week, to cure him of his wish to hear the same things over twice. If this tremendous punishment were rigorously enforced, we think that the encore nuisance would speedily be checked; and Mr. *Punch* and other sensible and rightly thinking persons might find it possible to go to concert-rooms in peace, without their having nightly to do battle with the fools who clamour for encores."

was inconsiderate enough to yield to the demand of a clamorous minority. Nevertheless, if Mr. *Punch* and the Editor of *The Times* continue to support us in this matter, it will be a case of "*Musical World* against *Encore*," and there can be little doubt as to the issue.

After Mr. Hatton's part-songs (especially his "Tar song"), and the other preceding pieces, one excepted, the violin sonata of Beethoven in G (Op. 96) was like the rain which drenched the Jews after the three years' curse of Elijah. "Thanks be to God" might well have been sung, in gratitude for such a relief. What a genuine inspiration is this sonata!—written, too, just near the period when idiots began to suspect Beethoven of being mad. Never did genius declare itself at once so simply and emphatically. It is a pity that nearly all the violin sonatas of the great composer should be preferred and ortener played than this, which is one of his very finest; and thanks are due to Miss Arabella Goddard and Mr. Blagrove for introducing it and playing it with such admirable taste and skill. The *adagio espressivo* seemed to please the audience best, although the whole created a marked sensation. This is intelligible enough. Slow movements (especially in little known works) are always thought the most of, because their meaning is more easily apprehended; but a familiar acquaintance with the sonata Op. 96 must bring with it the conviction that the *allegro*, *scherzo*, and *finale* are one and all equally fine, if not finer, than their slower companion.

Mr. Henry Leslie's "National Song of Defence," composed in 1851, just after the *coup-d'état*, and performed at Mr. Hullah's (with a view of terrifying Napoleon III. out of his threatened

invasion of England?) is a spirited setting of some irregular verses by the Earl of Carlisle, which are about as poetical as the prose travelling books and prosy speeches of that fluent orator. It was of course (being Mr. Leslie's composition) well executed by the "choir," and by the solo singers (Misses Hemming and Cazaly, Mrs. Dixon, Messrs. A. D. Coleridge and W. Simpson). The audience were so much impressed that another "encore" was raised, and Mr. Henry Leslie was again, in spite of the admonition of *Punch* (which we have already appended) inconsiderate enough to yield to the demand of a clamorous minority. Nevertheless, although the organ was well handled by Mr. J. C. Ward, and the pianoforte eagerly manipulated by Mr. J. C. Calcott (Calcott, Calcott, or Calcot), we confess that the combination of two such utterly antagonistic instruments in the accompaniment did not exactly please us. At the same time Mr. Leslie knows that we are "eclectics," and that we have an ear for *Immanuel* as well as an ear for *Elijah*, and an eye towards *Judah* just as we had an eye towards *Christus*.

Part II. commenced nobly with two very fine, simple, and grandly harmonised *Chorales*, with organ accompaniment (Nos. 1 and 2 from Mendelssohn's *Fest Gesang*), which were splendidly sung by the choir, and which did not get "a hand" of applause. Mr. Leslie himself appeared surprised at this; but a glance at some items in Part I. might have explained to him the seeming anomaly. Mr. Leslie, and all such men as he, must either resolve to educate the crowd up to their own level, or descend to the level of the crowd. These are the only two paths open to public men—the one the path of a teacher and benefactor to his species, the other that of a quack and pretender. Mendelssohn's *Chorales* were rendered impossible by what had gone before.

What came after was not better. So stupid and trivial a four-part song as that of "De Call" (*Qui diable!—peut être ce monsieur?*)—as that of "De Call," called "Oft when night has rest bestowed," has rarely been heard by a civilised audience. And yet, look at the sequel. It was so well sung by Messrs. A. Lester, Taylor, Harries and Stroud, that it was "encored," and Mr. Henry Leslie (who ought to know better), in spite of the admonition of *Punch* (which, as we have already said, we have appended), was again inconsiderate enough to yield to the demand of a clamorous minority.

A fantasia for the violin, on airs from the *Vêpres Siciliennes* of M. Verdi, composed by Mr. Blagrove, and played by Mr. Blagrove in a masterly manner, was followed by Mr. George Allen's part-song, "I love my love in the morning," which by no means improves on acquaintance—being at the best flippant and common-place. S. Webbe's manly and vigorous glee, "The mighty conqueror of hearts" (sung by all the male voices of the choir), after that trivial effusion, was as welcome as a Havelock to a long beleaguered Lucknow.

Then came another instrumental solo—M. Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," played by Miss Arabella Goddard, and, as usual, in such a manner as to turn "beaters' leaf" into ingots of gold. Miss Goddard's execution of this piece was nothing short of marvellous, and the enthusiasm it excited was followed by the one unanimous "encore" of the whole evening. Miss Goddard, however, had as usual perused the hebdomadal lucubrations of Mr. *Punch*, and would by no means consent to do more than return to the orchestra and respond to the audience by one of her most graceful courtesies, accompanied by one of her sweetest smiles. Were her admirers dissatisfied? Certainly not—on the contrary, they saw at once their indiscretion, and redoubled their applause. Other artists should take example by Miss Goddard.

Mr. Henry Smart's delicious "Ave Maria" (which cannot be heard too often), and Mr. Leslie's arrangement of "Rule Britannia" brought the seventh concert to a close.

HENRI BERTINI.—"This celebrated author of studies for the piano," (says *La France Musicale*), "has been for some days in Paris. M. Bertini lives at Grenoble, where he has made for himself a mild and glorious retreat" ("une douce et glorieuse retraite").

## EASTER AMUSEMENTS.

We remember no previous Easter in which there has been such a lack of novelties at the theatres. Drury Lane has closed its doors altogether, Mr. E. T. Smith doubtless thinking no fortune was to be made just now by an Easter piece. Was he deterred by the sudden blooming of the season? by the opening of the two Italian operas? by the announcement of the Philharmonic Societies, the inauguration of St. James's Hall, the innumerable concerts advertised, and the bias towards musical entertainments in the summer months? The answer is plain as road to parish church. Mr. E. T. Smith is one of the very shrewdest of managers, and Drury Lane closed its doors at Easter. Mr. Robson pursued a different course at the Olympic. He took no heed of Easter at all; but, having gone into resting quarters during Passion week, opened his theatre with the old pieces on Easter Monday. We may conclude that no novelty was demanded at the Olympic. Mr. Buckstone has provided one of his most brilliant and telling Easter offerings, in the form of "an entirely new and original mythological extravaganza," termed *Pluto and Proserpine*, by the author of *Atalanta*. The piece is capably written, and the scenery splendid in the extreme; the last scene being a marvel of the scenic and decorative art combined.—Like Mr. Robson, Mr. Charles Kean ignores any deference to the Easter holidays, and although he has produced two new pieces, no concession is made in the shape of extravaganza, burlesque, or travesty. The new pieces are farces—one entitled *The Stock-Exchange*; or, *The Green Business*; the other, *Samuel in Search of Himself*. Both are amusing and smart, and both were successful. *Faust and Marguerite* was the principal piece, Mr. Charles Kean appearing in his original part, Mephistopheles.—At the Adelphi the return of Madame Celeste, Messrs. Webster, Wright, Paul Bedford, and Co., have allowed of the resumption of the *Poor Strollers*, as leading piece. The after entertainment consisted of a new version, or more properly alteration, of Boieldieu's comic opera the *Caliph of Bagdad*, with nearly all the music omitted. A young lady, Miss Roden, made her *début* with most decided success in the principal soprano part. She possesses a charming voice, and appears to have the true dramatic instinct. She was most liberally applauded; recalled, and showered over with bouquets, of course premeditated; but, in spite of preparation and friendly prejudices, Miss Roden has undoubted talent, and will be heard of to more purpose anon.—The Strand Theatre opened under the management of Miss Swanborough, with a new, but not original comedy by Mr. Sterling Coyne, entitled *Nothing Venture, Nothing Win*, and a burlesque on the opera of *Fra Diavolo*. Mr. Leigh Murray, who is of the company, was taken suddenly ill, and could not sustain the principal part in the comedy; so it had to be read, which did not enhance the merits nor tend to the success of the piece, which, nevertheless, was successful. In the burlesque, Miss Swanborough supported the part of the Brigand Chief—need we say how? Between the play and burlesque an address, written by Mr. Albert Smith, was spoken by the fair manageress. It was as follows:—

"When in the forum of Old Rome they found,  
One morn, a chasm wide yawning in the ground;  
And Marcus Curtius to the margin ran,  
Seeing an opening for a nice young man;  
So I to-night, prepared to be self-hurl'd  
Into this void in the dramatic world,  
Appear before you, old familiar friends;  
But here, I fear, analogy all ends.  
Into this gulf, unless you will oppose it,  
I plunge to keep it open, not to close it.  
Yet not without much trembling do I come  
To welcome you to this, our little home.  
The Drama's Home, I might long since have said,  
But the poor drama—bankrupt and half dead—  
Is houseless—friendless—drifting to decay,  
And her poor children live as best they may,  
So that the Drama's Temple now might claim  
The Drama's Almshouses as fitter name.  
I found our little craft in its worse days,  
When it was settling down upon its ways.  
But the Leviathan was launched at last;  
And so by minor worries ne'er downcast,  
Taking advantage of the first spring-tide,  
Into the stream at length I saw her glide;  
Then got her under weigh—saw land grow fainter,  
Set all the canvass, and cast off the painter.  
Our crew is small; but they have been all tried—  
In the good will of each I can confide.

Yet on our course, commencing full of fear,  
Uncertain yet as which the way to steer.  
By your assistance, aid the little band  
To land at last upon a friendly Strand.  
And let us hope on this, our opening night,  
Your cheers will hearty be, your censure light;  
And we will make all adverse tides to weather,  
'A long pull, strong pull, and pull all together.'"

At Sadler's Wells music took the place of the drama, *Maritana* and *The Beggar's Opera* being presented on Easter Monday. Miss Dyer and Mr. Henry Haigh were the stars in Wallace's opera, and Mr. Russell Grover, a name as little known as it is inharmonious, was the Captain Macheath. The indefatigable Mr. Tully is director and conductor.—The Surrey Theatre rejoices in drama, opera, and extravaganza—all new and original. The first belongs to the romantic school, and is entitled *Confession*; the second is more properly an operetta, or ballad opera, than an opera proper; and the last is an unmistakable extravaganza, since anything more extravagant never was perpetrated. The interest of the evening was concentrated in Mr. Henry Phillips, the once renowned English barytone, who, like other renowned barytones, more renowned than he, has long fallen from his pride of place. Mr. H. Phillips had been previously singing at the Surrey Theatre in the entertainments given during Passion Week.—The Magician, Professor Wiljalba Frikell, has entered upon a new season at the St. James's Theatre, and has been delighting his visitors with a new trick, "The Shower of Toys," which, if possible, is more baffling and surprising than any he has yet exhibited. The Professor's stay is limited in England, so that those who desire to see the wonders of his handicraft, should lose no time.—At the Canterbury Hall, Mr. Augustus Braham continues to edify his audiences nightly. The capital programmes provided by Mr. Jonghman, the musical director, would do no discredit to more lordly and pretentious places.—The Alhambra Palace, in Leicester-square, has been converted, for the time being, into a Circus, and hither Messrs. Howe and Cushing have transported their immense equestrian troupe, amounting to about two hundred men and horses. The horsemanship, tumblings, and acrobat performances are prodigious. A band of Bedouin Arabs attached to the troupe go through some wonderful feats. Moreover, the two clowns, Jim Myers and Joe Pentland, are capital. Jim is the best jumper, but Joe beats him hollow in jokes. There is no entertainment better worth seeing in London, and none more sure to please the holiday folks, than the performances of the equestrian company at the Alhambra Palace.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL AT THE ADELPHI.—To make amends to the frequenters of the Adelphi Theatre for the loss of their dramatic recreations, curiously interdicted by the legislature in Passion Week, and to compensate in some measure for the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, and the absence of the regular troupe of the establishment, occupied with engagements in the provinces, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul opened the theatre with their popular entertainment, "Patchwork," on Monday the 29th last, and gave their performance five times during the week, the Lord Chamberlain and regard for religious feelings preventing their repetition on Ash Wednesday and Good Friday. "Patchwork" is a most lively and attractive entertainment. The lady and gentleman divide the characters between them, the lady, however, as a matter of course, taking the lion's share of the vocal performance. One of Mrs. H. Paul's most successful assumptions is the double one of Mr. and Mrs. Doubledot, in which, by dressing herself differently on both sides, she represents husband and wife, keeps up a conversation, and sings a duet. Bating an excusable caricature of the brogue, the portraiture of an Irish girl, Mary Doolan, is happy and striking. Mrs. Howard Paul, who may be remembered as Miss Featherstone, has a deep-toned, powerful contralto voice, and sings with much taste and skill. Mr. Howard Paul's delineation of Yankee characters is inimitable. Nothing can be better or more true to the life than his Jonathan Bang, which never fails to create the utmost mirth in the description and realising. The entertainment is well written, and is altogether one of the most amusing of the day.

THE SISTERS SOPHIE AND ANNIE.—These two talented and most industrious young ladies have been displaying their eccentric powers in an entertainment entitled "Sketches from Nature," at the Surrey Theatre, during Passion week. The fair sisters sustained no less than eighteen characters in costume, and sang

no less than sixteen songs each night they appeared. Each sister has her style and peculiarity. One is serious, the other gay. The elder sings the sentimental strains, the younger the light and joyous. Miss Annie inclines to laughter; Miss Sophie to tears. Like Minna and Brenda Troil in *The Pirate* they might be denominated "Day" and "Night." "Day," we surmise, is the chiefest favourite of Apollo; but "Night," perhaps, is more favoured by Melpomene. Annie creates an immense impression by her singing such popularities as "Bonnie Dundee," "Chit-chat," the "Barcarole," and others. Sophie produces her best effects by her dramatic and vocal powers in conjunction. The entertainment was of the most varied kind, and embraced a range of characters that would have done no discredit to a novel by Dickens or Thackeray—to say nothing whatsoever of Mr. Albert Smith. The most attractive of these were "Biddy Maloney," "Horatio Crawford," "Margery Muggles," and "Mrs. Minerva Stronghead," by Sister Sophie; and "Harry Clifton," "Mrs. Saylittle," "Miss Dolorous," and "Maria," in *The Child of the Regiment*, by Miss Annie. The singing of the "Rataplan" in the last-named character, with the drum accompaniment, made a *furor*. The applause the first night was frantic; the encores too numerous to mention. Never was success more genuine and unanimous than that achieved by "The Sketches from Nature;" and never did two artists exert themselves to more purpose and afford more general satisfaction than the Sisters Annie and Sophie.

MISS JULIA ST. GEORGE'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The doors of the Sadler's Wells Theatre being closed during Passion Week, against Mr. Phelps and Shakspeare, by statute, was, nevertheless, by the wisdom of our rulers, rendered accessible to entertainments, concerts, soirées, ré-unions, and all other amusements, musical, monological, choregraphic—anything, in short, except dramatic—of which Miss Julia St. George availed herself, and introduced to the Islington and Pentonville public select specimens from her entertainment, "Home and Foreign Lyrics." Miss Julia St. George was received, on Monday, by the north-eastern inhabitants with more than the usual distinction conferred on favorites. The fair lyrist possesses peculiar claims to the favor of the Islingtonians and Pentonvillians. Her metropolitan dramatic career commenced on the boards of the Sadler's Wells Theatre, and hence the unwonted enthusiasm of the audience on Monday week. "Home and Foreign Lyrics" is perhaps more diversified than the majority of musical and dramatic entertainments. Characters and lays of many nations are introduced. Miss St. George goes round the world in search of amusement, and the visitors are made recipients of what she is supposed to have seen in her grand tour. Amid the customary quota of humorous songs and characters, Miss St. George makes a dash at the grand and impressive by her assumption of Sappho and Joan of Arc, and comes off with flying colours by her vigorous declamation and energetic singing. The music is all original, and has been expressly composed for Miss St. George's entertainments, by Mr. F. Duggan. The author of "Home and Foreign Lyrics" is Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the popular novelist. The entertainment, given, we believe, for the first time in London, was eminently successful.

MR. CHARLES COTTON'S MONOGRAPHIC ENTERTAINMENT.—At the Prince of Wales's Hall, Regent-street, Mr. Charles Cotton continues to deliver to crowded audiences his very amusing entertainment, entitled *The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle*. Mr. Charles Cotton reads well, is a capital mimic, sings like an artist, and has a good voice. In his descriptions he has an evident leaning to the land of St. Patrick, and his imitations of the countrymen of Billy O'Rourke and Lord Palmerston, if not true to the life as regards the brogue and humour, are exceedingly amusing and striking. Chief of the Hibernian delineations are Mike Connolly, one of the 88th, or Connaught Rangers, returned from the Crimea minus a leg; and Tim Raggarty, the Irish ballad singer. But the "Rose" and "Thistle" claim Mr. Cotton's regards as well as the "Shamrock." The Scotch exemplification is not particularly happy, but the specimens of English idiosyncrasy are excellent. Mr. Cotton goes out of his way a little to sing one of Verdi's boisterous scenes; he sings it forcibly, however, and proves that he has studied vocalisation to some purpose.



## DRURY LANE THEATRE.

The fourth and fifth concerts under the Pyne and Harrison management do not call for much notice. At both, a selection from *The Rose of Castille* was given, consisting for the most part of the pieces enumerated in our last. At the last (on Saturday) there were eight encores, four for *The Rose of Castille*, the others for "Lo! here the gentle Lark," sung by Miss Louisa Pyne (dute *obbligato*, Mr. R. S. Pratten), "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls," by the same (harp, Mr. Trust.) and two new ballads introduced by Mr. Harrison;—a patriotic ballad entitled "The heroes that fought in the ranks," and a sentimental ballad (to some very graceful verses by Mr. W. Brough), called "I will not weep for thee," with both of which the audience were evidently pleased. But oh these encores! Miss L. Pyne, still suffering from indisposition, and already down in the bills for six performances, was actually forced to repeat four of them, and thus had to sing no less than ten times during the evening. The system is utterly monstrous, and should be abolished by Act of Parliament.

The other singers were Miss Susan Pyne (who sang the charming *bolero* from the *Crown Diamonds* with her sister), Messrs. St. Albyn, F. Glover and Honey. The *Jupiter Symphony* of Mozart was well performed by the band under Mr. Alfred Mellon's direction, at the beginning of the concert; and this was the only piece of *bond fide* classical music in the programme. The selection from *Lucrezia Borgia* (a *pot-pourri* of the same calibre as the *Trovatore* mentioned in our last), and solos for clarinet and ophicleide, admirably played by Mr. Lazarus and Mr. Hughes, were the other instrumental features. On Monday Miss Louisa Pyne, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Alfred Mellon, and "troupe," left London for Newcastle.

## MADAME LANCIA.

(From our Turin Correspondent.)

As you will have learnt from the extracts I sent you from the Turin papers, Madame Lancia met with a favourable reception on her first appearance, and I certainly must do her the justice to add that she far surpassed the expectations of her friends, and of Sig. Ricci, who, as I have mentioned before, thinks most highly of his young pupil. It is to be regretted that she was unable to make her *début* in an opera in which there was a larger scope for the display of her histrionic talents, as they are known to be of a very high order; but, although high tragedy may likely enough be her forte, yet there is such a charm and fascination in her every movement, and so much playfulness and animation about her acting, that in light parts, such as Rosina in *Il Barbiere*, she cannot fail to please. Even before she had made her *début* she appeared destined to make a *furor*; and had she been a singer very much inferior to what she has proved herself, I have no hesitation in saying that she would have obtained a "success," for so much anxiety had been excited, and every one seemed to have heard of the personal attractions as well as of the talents of the new cantatrice, which, added to her extreme youth,\* rendered the interest still greater.

A burst of most enthusiastic applause greeted her on her first appearance, and its duration fortunately gave her time to regain her self-possession, which evidently abandoned her when she found herself, for the first time, face to face with an audience. As soon as silence was imposed, she commenced "Una voce," and, though her voice trembled on the first few notes, it soon became firm and melodious, and the musical critic was rejoiced to detect the presence of some very valuable qualities in the young artiste. A round of hearty applause followed the cavatina, which was renewed with increased vigour, and universal cries of "brava" and "bis" at the close of the cabaletta; and when the audience perceived, by a nod which the young lady gave the conductor, that she was about to consent to their wish, "brava," "bella," and other expressions only to be heard in an Italian theatre, resounded on all sides of the house. I need not mention every circumstance connected with her first appearance. Her singing was admirable throughout in every respect—in execu-

tion, style, and expression. Of course, she made an immense deal of her duet with Figaro, in which she was admirably supported by Signor Grandi, of whom I have spoken before, and was called on before the curtain an unprecedented number of times in the course of the evening, after the true Italian fashion—were I to say twenty times, you would declare me to be guilty of exaggeration, but really it would not have been many short. On the night of her benefit she was able to revel in the full display of her unparalleled lyrical genius, as a selection from *Semiramide* was given, for the purpose of introducing her in a part particularly suitable to her fine voice and style of singing. She produced an immense impression, and, on appearing to receive a well-merited ovation, was presented with a bouquet (without exaggeration, as large as herself), which, it was understood, was presented to her in the name of the directors. Between the acts she held a *regular levée*, which was attended by all the most eminent *cognoscenti* at Turin; amongst others, the composer of *Don Chicco*, which in Italy is considered the best *opera buffa* written since *Il Barbiere*. It seems the general opinion of all those who are capable of judging, that, with her splendid voice (and the term *splendid* may be accepted in the fullest meaning of the word) and her genuine dramatic feeling, by study and perseverance she will attain to the very highest position in her profession.

Madame Lancia is an extremely young lady, with good eyes, good teeth, long, waving hair, and decidedly pretty; her face is full of intelligence, and her eyes, like those of Lola Montes, are at once soft and terrible— orbs that are either veiled with tears, or flashing lightning and poniards. She is not tall, but somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*; she is wonderfully active, and runs about the stage with a vivacity that is quite amusing. Although her height is much against her figure being suited to the stage, she is so full of energy and dramatic action that, with her commanding look and her magnificent voice, in a year or two I shall expect to find her a most admirable representative of such parts as Norma, Lucrezia Borgia, &c.

It has seldom been my lot to hear a fresher or more melodious voice: its compass is remarkable; naturally a soprano, it descends to the lowest regions of the contralto, and I am inclined to think that it is upon her lower notes that she relies for the greatest effect. Her organ is so sympathetic that it goes to the heart at once, and produces an irresistible emotion. Her pathos, sensibility, and energy are equally remarkable, and her singing is distinguished by a clear and refined execution and true expression.

Just before I left Turin it was reported that Madame Lancia had been offered an engagement for the approaching season at Her Majesty's Theatre; but this I know is not the case, and if you hear the report in England you may contradict it with safety. Since her *début* a friend of Mr. Lumley has been seen much in her company, and it is probably this fact which gave rise to the rumour I have mentioned; but her husband—and he ought to know—gave me to understand that, in consequence of her extreme youth, he had been advised not to expose her to the wear and tear of operatic engagements during the whole year, and that therefore he had decided on her appearing only at concerts in London this season. She will return to Italy early in the autumn, to fulfil some of the numerous engagements which have been offered to her.

[We accept this very flattering account of Madame Lancia on the credit of our correspondent, with whom we beg to leave the entire responsibility for its correctness.—  
Ed. M. W.]

BRIGHTON.—At M. Oury's Military Concert last Saturday, the band of the Inniskilling Regiment, under the direction of Herr Ernest Hartmann, performed selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and some compositions by Mendelssohn. Madame Oury and Herr Neuzerling, M. Jullien's new cornet player, were the solo instrumentalists. The lady played the popular fantasia on *Traviata*, composed by herself, in her most brilliant manner. The military band executed several *Morceaux*, the most admired of which was, the "Alexander Romanoff Waltz," by Laurent.

\* At the time of her *début* she had not completed her 17th year.

## PERSEVERE, OR THE CAREER OF HAVELOCK.\*

By JOHN OXENFORD, Esq.

Hard to climb the hill of fame;  
Hard to win a glorious name;  
Hard to clutch the laurel crown,  
Hard the toil that earns renown.  
Yet the soldier murmurs not,  
Patiently he bears his lot  
For, ever in his ear,  
A soft voice whispers, "Persevere!"

Hark, throughout the land arise,  
Women's shrieks and children's cries;  
Dull inaction now is past,  
Soldiers, win the prize at last!  
Roused as by the thunder's shock  
Is the soul of Havelock;  
In accents loud and clear,  
Britannia bids him "Persevere!"

On to glory hastens he,  
Lucknow, at a blow, is free;  
Thankful crowds are pressing round,  
Blessings through the air resound.  
"Soldier, well thy work is done;  
Soldier, well the prize is won!"  
The wreath that ne'er grows sere,  
Soldier, thou hast found it here.

Soldier, ended is thy task,  
Further guerdon do not ask;  
Thou hast gain'd the laurel-wreath  
Twin'd about the plant of death.  
Sleep! thy fame is watchful still—  
Countless hearts with hope to fill;  
In each desponding ear  
It shouts thy motto—"Persevere!"

\* The words of Mr. Charles Braham's new song, published by his permission.

## ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday (last time this season), HAMLET, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or, The Green Business. FAUST AND MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF. On Saturday, will be produced Shakespeare's tragedy of KING LEAR, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, April 10, the performance will commence with YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRANDMOTHER. After which a new farce, entitled TICKLISH TIMES. To conclude with BOOTS AT THE SWAN. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—On Saturday evening, April 10th, the performance will commence with the popular drama of THE POOR STROLLERS. After which will be produced a grand oriental spectacular operatic drama, in two acts, with new scenery, dresses, decorations &c., called the CALIPH OF BAGDAD.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE—PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRIKELL.—Last week but two previous to Professor Frikel's departure for Russia. "TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS," as performed, by command, before Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and Court, at Windsor Castle. 200th performance on Monday, April 12. Every evening, at Eight; Wednesday, and Saturday afternoons, at Three. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony Seats, 4s.; Boxes 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery 1s. Private Boxes and places may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS. Engagement of Mr. Phelps, Mr. Frederick Robinson, and Miss Atkinson. Great success of Stirling's new tale of enchantment; the new scenery hailed with enthusiastic applause. On Monday and Tuesday, THE BRIDAL MELANCHOLY, Mr. Phelps; and Friday, to commence with RICHELIEU, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Frederick Robinson, and Miss Atkinson. On Thursday (first time), THE MAN OF THE WORLD. Sir Portiax, Mr. Phelps. On Saturday, a Play, in which Mr. Phelps will perform. To conclude every evening with THE SEVEN CASTLES OF THE PASSIONS. No advance in the prices.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANGLICUS MUSICUS.—Professor W. Sterndale Bennett has written six pianoforte concertos—No. 1, in D minor; No. 2, in E flat; No. 3, in C minor; No. 4, in F minor; No. 5, in F minor; No. 6, in A minor. No. 4 and No. 6 have been played in public by the composer, but are not printed. The two which Miss Arabella Goddard has performed are No. 3 and No. 5 (No. 4 according to the catalogue of published works). She has played the Caprice (in E) several times.

## MARRIED.

On the 3rd instant, at Knutsford, by the Rev. R. Clowes, Vicar, Robert Barnett, Esq., R.A.M., 129, Albany-street, Regent's Park, to Kate, youngest daughter of Mr. Siddeley, Aigburth, Liverpool.

## DIED.

On Monday, April 5th, at 26, Somerset-street, Portman-square, aged three years and nine months, Rosalie, the beloved child of Mr. Frank Mori.

ERRATUM.—In our last it is stated that Mr. Cusins was to play Bennett's fourth pianoforte concerto at the fourth Philharmonic concert. It should have been at the first.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 10TH, 1858.

THE Leeds Musical Festival being decided on, it is of course now the chief topic in Leeds and those parts of Yorkshire within the immediate smoke of that salubrious city. The local press is already beginning to talk very big, as though there had never been a festival at Bradford, and as though no such thing as a music-hall, and no such thing as a great organ, existed in any other part of the world. One paper finds everything *couleur de rose* in the appointment of the committee and officers; another finds everything *couleur de brême*; but both are seemingly of opinion that there never was and there never could be such a festival as the Leeds Festival must naturally turn out—under any circumstances.

We hope this civic confidence may be verified; but we have our doubts. The month of October is, we understand, selected for the historic immortality which the Leeds Musical Festival is to confer. Following this, it would be only in keeping to re-christen October, "Leeds"—in accordance with the manner of the Roman senate under the Empire, who, when Nero or Tiberius had detected a conspiracy and punished the conspirators, called the month of the discovery after the name of the emperor. But the month of "Leeds" is a very inconvenient month for London "reporters," who generally get their holiday just then, and if compelled by duty—instead of seeing the brown leaves scattered in the park of some hospitable country mansion, or the autumn sun reflected on the bosom of the Rhine—to pass "the fall" under the dingy atmosphere of the dingiest of manufacturing towns, will doubtless feel inclined to view the proceedings with a hypercritical eye. The praises of the Festival must, in that case, be exclusively trumpeted by home journalists. The *aristarchi* of the metropolis—mindful of their purgatory, and groaning for the lake, the forest, the mountain (or the *café*)—will be chiefly on the look-out for faults. Perhaps, however, the great London papers (in consideration of the health of their musical critics in ordinary) may dispatch parliamentary and general reporters, to take down, in short hand, so much as they can understand, and consign to oblivion whatever is not brachygraphically amenable. For our own parts, we have no idea of abandoning Venice and the "Eternal City"



(included in the proposed scheme of our next autumn trip), for the Leeds Festival, but shall request our furious correspondent, "An English Musician" (who abuses everything), to act as our representative; and we take this opportunity of stipulating that he be furnished with the best places at every performance, morning and evening. There never was a more unhappy notion than this of holding a provincial music-meeting in October!

To have done with the question of egotism, however—an article signed "X," and entitled "Round men in Square holes," from *The Leeds Times* (April 3), has been forwarded to our office, for what purpose we are unable to make out. It is a rambling incoherent essay, from which we are able to gather that what is to be actually done at the anticipated paragon of festivals is as yet altogether undecided. The writer (apparently in the "opposition"), lost in the labyrinthine mazes of his diction, wanders about, unable to find an outlet—or, in plainer language, a meaning. He wants everything, and wants nothing. Leeds is about to enter the arena with the cities and towns of England most "distinguished in musical annals, famed for the works they have originated—works undying—*imperishable as long as soul, sentiment, and inspiration exist.*" A "bright realisation" is anticipated, for "that Leeds is musical no one can deny." But, if any one was rash enough to question that great truth, he would be fairly smashed by the logic of "X," who thus unburdens himself of his argumentative diarrhoea:—

"Witness, for instance, the excellent taste and judgment exercised by the persons who frequent the *pit and gallery*\* at the Theatre Royal whenever musical performances, or performers, are submitted to the test of public opinion. Witness, again, the critical and fashionable audiences which in 'auld lang syne' graced the full-dress concerts given in our Music-hall, *few reminiscences of which, we are sorry to say, now remain.* Witness, also, the reception, good, bad, or indifferent, given to the peregrinating parties who, under the auspices of a society, or, under distinguished patronage, are continually appearing before Leeds audiences. No doubt, the spirit of music is fairly imbued in what we may term a Leeds musical audience. Who that remembers Catalini, Braham, Incedon, Paganini, Paton, Pasta, Malibran, Salmon—(there were giants in those days),—and many, many others, can forget the *inward glow which shot through the soul as these parties enchanted and astonished their hearers.*"

The fact of Leeds being "musical" is, therefore, established beyond dispute. The illustrative arguments are incontrovertible. But this vein of gratulation is speedily followed by one of lugubrious uncertainty. Leeds is musical, no doubt; but Leeds has not yet gained the reputation to which it is entitled; and there seems to be a question in the mind of "X" whether the Festival, after all, will effect thus much for the great manufacturing town which throws a dusk over so many acres of Yorkshire pasture, turning evergreens into ever-browns, and *ainsi de suite*. The experiment is about to be tried. A music-room has been built, an organ has been "ordered," and each will have a very important part to play in the forthcoming event, which is to glorify Leeds and extinguish Bradford. Neither the music-room nor the organ "ought to be" inferior to any in Britain; but "X" with a candour that entitles him to be hailed "XX," insinuates (if he does not openly admit) that a good deal remains to be proved:—

"We are now entering a new musical existence. We are on the eve of establishing a musical reputation or of sinking in the scale. It, therefore, behoves us to look with bright anticipation or with doubtful apprehension as to the result. Upon our success or failure depends our future musical position. We have, at an enormous cost to the inhabitants, erected a room and have ordered an organ; neither of which

ought to be inferior in its capabilities, and in the objects for which it was designed, to any others in the United Kingdom. *It remains to be seen whether the persons to whom these matters have been committed were the proper parties with whom the responsibilities of such undertakings should rest.* Time and experience can alone test the matter. Right or wrong, it is now too late to alter. The plans have been submitted, accepted, and are now being carried out. Public opinion will soon be expressed upon the results. As we said in our first sentence, we are now going to take a new position."

Something ugly lurks under all this. Leeds is not of a mind; divisions reign in the camp; "XX" (we have invested him with the extra initial) is not psychologically satisfied, and however he may feel desirous of assuming a stoic indifference, a cynic contempt for the Festival Committee "*is fairly imbued in*" his soul. After a quantity of suggestions, very few of them feasible, as to what should be performed at the Festival, he proceeds (somewhat in Ercole's vein):—

"Leeds should take a step far, *very far*, in advance of Bradford, or its character as the metropolis of the West Riding must, in a musical point of view, sink in the estimation of the public. On the committee appointed to carry out the Festival everything depends as to its success or non-success. The chairman, vice-chairman, secretaries, and committee, must be men, *each and all, thoroughly acquainted, not only with vocal and instrumental music, but with the capabilities of the artists to be engaged; they must be thoroughly acquainted with musical taste and musical opinion; they must know they are now on their trial.* The public are their jurors, and on their verdict they must stand or fall."

Of course Leeds must go far ("very far") beyond Bradford; no one can doubt it. But how is that desirable end to be accomplished? If simply by the Utopian idea of a committee entertained by "XX," it is not likely to be accomplished at all. There never was such a Festival committee, and *there never will be.* Were it possible, however, Leeds would have a committee of *musicians*—the worst business-men in the world. These might stand for "round-men in square holes" much more appropriately than the unfortunate members of the Town Council, against whose musical ignorance "XX" inveighs so savagely:—

"A glance at the names of the principal officers of the committee will satisfy any practical musical person that sufficient care has not been taken in selecting the proper parties to carry out the object in view. Prudent and proper generalship, under competent commanders who understand the nature of the duties devolving upon them, may place Leeds in the position it *ought to be*, but incompetency and impotency will carry along with them degradation. The mixed nature of the general committee, half being selected from the council and half from the inhabitants, was a bad move to commence with, and may lead to unpleasantness. Why does not the Town Council attend to its sewerage, lighting, police, hackney coaches, and scavenging? The idea is certainly rich, when we think for a moment of parties who do not know one note from another, nor a march from a psalm tune, nor a polka from a mazurka, nor an oratorio from a cantata, being *stuck up* as directors of musical taste. It is an old saying and a trite one, 'Fools rush in where angels,' &c. However, as some time must elapse before all the necessary arrangements can be made, we can, perhaps, afford to watch calmly and serenely."

If "XX" be the "angel" he would wish us to understand, we advise him to "watch calmly and serenely." He may, perhaps, find the committee not quite such "fools" as he imagines. At all events it is to be hoped they will not be induced to accept many of the hints contained in the subjoined extract—the last for which we can find space:—

"Mendelssohn, Spohr, and others, are names written once and for ever on the tablet of eternal fame, and their works are identified with the places where the musical taste and energy of the leading inhabitants originated their conceptions. Is Leeds to be behindhand? Is there no one now who can secure for himself an *escutcheon in the world of fame*? Cannot Leeds boast the proud position of having caused one wreath to be added to the many imperishable ones which appear in public music-rooms and theatres? Surely it ought. The committee

\* Only "the pit and gallery"?

appointed to manage the Festival should at once communicate with Meyerbeer, Spohr, Silas (we know Silas has for some time been thinking of writing an oratorio, and the title has been fixed upon), and other great continental composers. Don't, for Heaven's sake, let us have the same oratorios performed, which have been hackneyed over and over again at the gardens, and at the cheap concerts, until their greatness and beauties have been marred with such an accumulation of all that is bad, common, and indifferent, as to make their repetition now a complete surfeit. One of the hackneyed oratorios, either the *Elijah Messiah* or *Creation*,—that will be quite enough."

The last part of the above hardly tallies with a previous extract, vindicating the right of Leeds to be regarded as "musical." Such performances of great works as "XX" describes are sadly at variance with the definition. It is consoling, nevertheless, to know that the author of *Round Men in Square Holes* does not object to one "complete surfeit," but will allow the patrons of the festival to hear a good performance of *The Messiah*, *Elijah*, or *The Creation*, as a set-off against the cruel massacre in the tea-gardens.

We are disposed to think that, with less talk there might be a likelihood of more wool; and that if the Leeds press would calm its excitement, the Festival would have just as good a chance of being creditable to "the Metropolis of the West Riding." What a pity "XX" himself is not a "round man!" Had that been the case he might have tried to square his proportions to the "holes," like the scavengers of the town council.

In the *Götz von Berlichingen* of Göthe there is a well-known scene, the speakers in which are Götz himself and his little boy Karl. Having paid particular attention to geography, the urchin shows his proficiency in that branch of knowledge by gravely stating that Jaxthausen is a city and castle on the Jaxt, and has belonged for two centuries to the lords of Berlichingen. Hereupon Götz asks him, who is the lord of Berlichingen? but is only answered by a stare. "Through sheer learning," exclaims honest Götz, "the boy does not know his own father."

We are strongly reminded of this scene, by the following letter, which has been sent to us by an "Amateur of Music and other Arts":—

SIR,—What is the meaning of your sneers at comic writers? In the *belles lettres* no man can attain eminence who is not a comic writer or a poet, and if you will take the trouble to examine the careers of the most eminent novelists and dramatists who have flourished in England and in France during the last twenty-five years, you will find that the best of them have not merely possessed wit, but that they have been "wits" in a professional sense, and have contributed largely to comic journals.

I will mention three cases in proof of my assertion:—Balzac, a contributor to *Figaro*; Thackeray—*Punch*; Jerrold—*Punch*. In other words, the first novelist and the first dramatist in England, and the only great novelist modern France has produced, not only wrote comic articles, but wrote specially for comic journals. You know, too, that Alphonse Karr made his reputation by his comic periodical, *Les Guepes*, and that Soulié, Sue, and a number of other French writers who, deservedly or not, afterwards attained great fame, commenced, with Balzac, their literary career in the *Figaro*.

Without stooping to facts, it would be easy to show that, among the qualities which combine to form the talent of the novelist or dramatist, wit and humour must necessarily hold a high place. The author of large experience who possesses these valuable gifts uses them in an indirect manner—that is to say, instead of ridiculing his neighbour, he ridicules a class in which his neighbour is included. But the young writer usually applies them point blank to the last book he has read or the last man he has met. In other words, he adopts the style of the comic journal.

But who are these comic writers who sneer at high art? Had Balzac no admiration for Rossini, Schubert, and Mozart? Does Thackeray sneer at Raphael, or Jerrold at Shakspeare? Do the pages of Dickens

and Hood prove these eminently comic writers to be insensible to beauty?

If you can mention the name of any "comic writer" who sneers at high art, I venture to say that his own art is of the very lowest, and I deny beforehand that such an one can be a comic writer at all, for he must be deficient in perception. He may write, and he may occasionally be comic, in a style which no man of taste would tolerate, but to say that a man of such dull mental vision can be a "comic writer," in the full sense of the word, is to say that a blind dog can be an excellent pointer.

Now here is a well-informed gentleman, who knows all about Balzac, and Jerrold, and Thackeray, and Dickens, and Alphonse Karr, and, doubtless, could write the biography of every one of them, if occasion required, and yet has never in his life heard of such a thing as a comic writer who ventured to sneer at high art. Nay, with the *Musical World* before his eyes, expressing sentiments that completely harmonise with his own views, he takes us for bitter adversaries. Good Amateur, we are holding out our hand in friendship, and you think we are clenching our fist. Thus did the benighted traveller, in the old fable, mistake the kindly hand-post for an ill-conditioned ghost. Read more attentively, good Amateur,—read first, and, if you will, object afterwards.

As for the names of those who sneer at high art, it is—*Legion*; as you will find out if you mix in the literary society of London.

A WISE man will accommodate himself to circumstances; he will recollect that, although his mind is strong, the world is still stronger, and that all attempt to mould the latter according to the pattern of the former, must necessarily prove a disastrous failure. As far as this accommodating spirit goes we will be wise also. The world has become confirmed in a contempt for the old-fashioned way of keeping holiday; therefore will we also despise the merriment of our fathers.

Decidedly we will not bewail the suppression of that complex evil called Greenwich Fair. We will not regret the disappearance of gingerbread-nuts, that made us sick—of bad beer, brewed especially for fair-time—of lucky bags, that compensated for the absence of blanks by the allowance of none but worthless prizes—of round-abouts, that made us giddy—of swings, that made us frightened—of Crowns and Anchors, that astounded the calculating mind by shewing the vast amount of vice that could be crammed within a comparatively limited space—of exhibited monsters, that offended the nose even more than they disgusted the eye—of obese tract-distributors, who were a greater nuisance than the nuisance against which they protested—just as Theseus was more intolerable than the monsters he slaughtered. For the disappearance of this aggregate of every deadly and venial sin—of this mass of cheating, charlatanism, harlotry, and hypocrisy, we will certainly not shed a single tear. Do the mourners for the past distinctly recollect that filthy and obscene crowd, the constituents of which were apparently drawn together for no other purpose than that of inflicting mutual inconvenience?

Surely they do not, or they would no more shed tears of ink—

[We say advisedly "tears of ink;" for the honest reader who devours with his eyes the printed lament of a paschal journalist must not, for a moment, imagine that tears of anything but ink are shed on these occasions. Neither must he think that, because we ourselves thus grow indignant on the subject of Greenwich Fair, there is actually a frown

upon our brow. We never were in a better humour than at this moment; and if Greenwich Fair—(bless its old heart)—is revived next Whitsuntide, we shall be the first to welcome the resuscitation.]

Surely they do not, or they would no more shed tears of ink at the disappearance of this gigantic abomination than at the decease, ages ago, of the May Day revels. Gracious heavens, what a nuisance must an old English May Day have been? What villainous antics must have been perpetrated by those clod-hopping louts who lyngly said that they danced round a Tom-tawdry thing called a May-pole, and whom modern ballad-mongers persist in calling "swains"! What an incarnation of vulgar conceit must have been that poppy-cheeked minx called a May Day Queen, and how hideous must have been her English! Then how drunk—beer drunk,—must all of them have been early in the afternoon, and how manifold must have been the vices towards nightfall! And when they went as far as a dragon, and a Saint George, and a Robin Hood, and a Maid Marian, frightful indeed must have been the spectacle!—That dragon must have been the shabbiest of properties;—those mythical personages must have looked like the dregs of a *bal masqué* held at a penny gaff, with dresses furnished by an insolvent *costumier*. Enshrined in Mr. Macfarren's music, "May Day" is a thing of beauty. May Day is beautiful in the nineteenth century because Mr. Macfarren's music exists and the revels don't. May Day was horrible in the seventeenth century because Mr. Macfarren's music did not exist, and the revels did. Blessings on our old friends the Puritans! They have shown themselves right in both respects. They put down the revels, and they go to hear Macfarren's music.

And now, having complied with the fashion of the world, we will seek to amuse ourselves and accept such dramatic entertainment as the present Easter affords. Shall we go to the Haymarket, and see Mr. Frank Talfourd's admirably smart burlesque, illustrated by Mr. Calcott's extremely beautiful scenery? Or shall we refresh ourselves with Mr. Kean's Mephistopheles at the Princess's? Or shall we hear Miss Roden at the Adelphi? Or shall we study the firm adherence of the *Boots at the Swan* ("boots" being Robson) to the Olympic bills? Or shall we admiringly contemplate Miss Swanborough and Miss M. Oliver, at the Strand, which is now converted into a-a-a- *bijou*? Yes, that's the word. So, having arrived at an accepted common-place, we bring our lucubrations to a close.

**ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.**—Mozart's *Don Giovanni* is to be produced in the course of the season, cast as follows:—Donna Anna, Grisi; Elvira, Marai; Zerlina, Bosio; Leporello, Formes; Commandant, Tagliafico; Masetto, Ronconi; Ottavio, Tamberlik; and Don Giovanni, Mario.

**PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.**—At the first concert (on Monday evening), M. Saindon is to play a violin concerto by M. David, which will be interesting if only as a novelty.

**M. HENRI HERZ** is to play at the fourth concert of the Conservatoire. The piece he has selected is his new concerto (No. 6), for pianoforte, orchestra, and chorus.

**ROSSINI** (it is reported) has composed a *melodie* for violoncello and pianoforte, expressly for the Belgian violoncellist, M. Servais.

**TAMERLIK IN PARIS.**—Tamberlik (*le farceur*) has taken Paris by assault with a C sharp in alt—just as Duprez took Paris with a C natural. Rossini is the medium on this occasion as he was before. Instead of saying "Rossini's *Gillaume Tell*," it has long been the habit, among elevated Parisians, to say, "Rossini's *Ut de poitrine*." It will now become equally the vogue, instead of "Rossini's *Otello*," to say "Rossini's *Ut dièse*."

### JULLIEN AT BRIGHTON.

(Abridged from the Brighton Guardian.)

It needed not the overflowing room, or, more properly speaking, rooms, with which M. Jullien was complimented at his Grand Concert on Monday evening at the Town Hall, to prove the popularity of this Prince of Musical Conductors. On several other grounds, however, the success of the undertaking in Brighton is a matter for congratulation both to M. Jullien himself and to the town. It was understood that the sole party interested in it was M. Jullien himself, who thus, in a moment of difficulty caused by his enormous losses in connection with the Royal Surrey Gardens, appealed to his patrons of "lang syne" to rally round him with their smiles and presence at his embarkation on a renewed voyage of speculation. It is something for Brighton to have been the town honoured by such a man for such a purpose; and we feel bound to record our entire satisfaction at the enthusiastic manner in which the inhabitants testified their appreciation of M. Jullien's preference. The applause which greeted him when he appeared in the orchestra and took up his position as conductor, was of the heartiest and most legitimate character, honourable alike to the donors and the recipient.

Beethoven's overture to *Leonora* opened the concert. The execution and tone of M. Duhème in the solo parts of the overture were perfectly fascinating, and it is no compliment to say that Reichart's flute passages were marked by consummate taste. The next piece was the *Jetty Treffe Quadrille*, which was greatly applauded, and promises to become a great favourite. Miss Louisa Vinning sang "Tacea la notte," from *Il Trovatore*, and was honoured with an enthusiastic encore. The *Andante* from Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony followed, every point being brought out in the most masterly manner. Mozart's air, "L'Addio," was sung by Miss Rance, whose voice (contralto) possesses great power in the lower notes. "The Fern Leaves Valse," by Jullien, played for the first time, succeeded in every acceptance of the term. This was followed by a solo on the violin by M. Remenyi, "solo violinist to Her Majesty," who was recalled. The first part of the performances concluded with *The Campbells are Coming Quadrille*, by Jullien, suggested by an episode at the siege at Lucknow. It was also played for the first time, and the merry Scottish melodies so judiciously introduced were received with great applause.

The second part commenced with a selection from *La Traviata*, the cornet and flute receiving especial marks of commendation. Mendelssohn's duet, "I would that my love," sung by Miss Vinning and Miss Rance, was well received, as was also the *Andante* from Haydn's *Surprise Symphony*. Mr. Remenyi again favoured the company with a solo, the *Carnival de Venise*. Miss Vinning sang Frank Mori's ballad "The May time is coming," for which she was very warmly applauded. *The Kiss Polka*, by Jullien, was played for the first time. The recurrence of the peculiarly suggestive noises at intervals during its performance caused great merriment. Herr Reichart's solo on the flute was very successful, the lateness of the hour only protecting him from an encore. The concert concluded with—also for the first time—the *Old Dog Tray* polka. The highest possible satisfaction was expressed on all sides.

Last night M. Jullien was to be at Portsmouth.

**THE PROPHET AT GLOGAU.**—Meyerbeer need no longer be apprehensive about the future. The *Prophète* has been played at Glogau, under the direction of Nolden, and with entire success. After this MM. Wagner and Aldini *auront beau écrire contre lui*.

**M. WROBLEWSKI** has not yet decided on paying London a visit this season. Mdlle. Ida Bonillée—"une de ces rares pianistes qui réunissent" every possible quality (according to our revered contemporary, *La France Musicale*)—is equally undecided. So is Mdlle. Langlumé, notwithstanding the praises of M. Danièle in *L'Orphéon*. M. Jules Frin, the pianist (pupil of M. Stamaty), has never had any idea of coming to London. It is curious to reflect on the thousands of pianists "qui réunissent," and find bread and reputation in Paris. All the world is "celebrated" in that marvellously endowed Metropolis.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA &amp; AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 199.)

UPON the left hand side of the street, (Calle de something they call it) was a house, upon that house was a signboard, to that house was a door, in that house was a shop-window filled with wigs, blocks, bottles of perfumes, and the various greasy nastinesses that are to be found in all barber's shops. There could be no mistaking the proprietorship of that establishment. It was Figaro's, I am positive of it, or if wasn't Figaro's shop, what the deuce did Doctor Bartolo's house do exactly opposite? for there it was, in the third entrance P. S., with a practicable balcony, and envious bars in front. If it wasn't Figaro's shop, what was Rosina doing in the balcony with that same old fan of hers that I saw Ronzi de Begnis play with (I am ashamed to say how many years ago)? I repeat it, if it wasn't Figaro's shop, what fit of enthusiasm set me howling "Ecco ridente" till Rosina in the balcony looked as black as midnight (and lovely black eyes she had too), and made a motion very much like calling for a policeman? If it wasn't Figaro's shop, why did any twelve, no not Apostles, but Disciples seize me, and carry me off bodily, but for the fear of Figaro rushing out and incontinently depriving me of that appendage which is my pride and delight? I mean my beard. Figaro a myth? Stuff and nonsense, Sir; he lives, and moves, and breathes; and will as long as the name of Rossini has a place in the Annals of Music, or as long as gratitude for his delightful works exists in the breast of one true artist. But, says the reader, what have Havana, and Figaro, and Doctor Bartolo, to do with a tour in California and Australia?

*Poco tiempo, poco tiempo, Señor!* You are now in a Spanish country, where nobody ever hurries himself, and if you had to go over the same ground (or rather water), you would be glad enough to linger over some spot that had the charm of (at least) a spice of artist-like feeling about it, before plunging into the inevitable money-grubbing propensities of El Dorado. So come to our hotel, and after a delicious dinner at six o'clock, and a more delicious cigar afterwards, let us adonize, and take a stroll upon the Plaza de Armas and hear the bands play. The promenade upon the Plaza is one of the institutions of Havana, and fairly divides favour with the Opera (without the Opera no Havaneses could live a month). You are in a large square—nearly as large as Lincoln's Inn Fields—beautifully paved in geometrical figures, and laid out in *parterres* of lovely tropical flowers; in the centre are four magnificent specimens of the *palma reale*, or royal palm; on one side of the square is the palace of the governor, a row of *tiendas*, or shops, and on another the church which contains the mortal remains of Columbus. In the centre, near the palms, are stationed two military bands of about a hundred each in number, who are admirably drilled; they play from half-past seven to eleven alternately, and I must say that the best E flat clarinet player I ever heard in my life was a member of one of the bands. The style of music consists entirely of operatic *pot-pourris* arranged by their band-masters, who are generally Germans, and, of course, excellent musicians.

The scene is perfectly enchanting: beautiful women in full evening costume (short sleeves, low-necked dresses, &c., in short, as much undressed as compatible with absolute decency); a glorious moon overhead ("as big as a frying-pan," as an unsophisticated gentleman from Pike County, Illinois, remarked at my elbow); the lovely temperature and stillness of the atmosphere—so still that the wax candles upon the desks of the performers burnt quite steadily; thousands of well-dressed and well-behaved persons of both sexes smoking such famous cigars, and not a bonnet in all the island, except, perhaps, upon the head of some melancholy female on her way to California, who, during her short stay in Havana, comes on shore to make herself miserable, in a dowdy bonnet, heavy stuff gown, and (*horresco referens*) stays, or corsets, or what other names ladies call the abominations. All are superbly dressed, with loads of jewellery, the dark hair simply braided, and upon the head a black lace veil, which is worn with a grace and archness that none but a Spanish woman possesses. But hark! eleven

o'clock strikes, and off go the bands playing altogether the melodies of the negroes: none of your would-be sentimental abortions called negro minstrelsy, but downright African airs (and very comical ones, too) used by the negroes upon the island at their balls, where the style of dancing is of the liveliest description, as far surpassing in breadth of action the *cancan* at the close of a carnival ball, outside the Paris barriers, as the same *cancan* would go a-head of Mr. Spurgeon's idea of a lively set of quadrilles.

So off we go; bang, bang; jingle, jingle. Everybody goes; the sound of the bands grows fainter and fainter, as they thump away to their barracks; the Plaza is deserted,—all are off. Where? Home? Not a bit of it, madam, they are gone to Domenico's. And who is Domenico? Come and see. There, at the corner, so brilliantly lit, through the arches, there they all sit. Ladies and gentlemen, all drinking, all smoking, all jolly, all polite, and all sober; for the tipples of this fairy land never inebriates. Claret or chablis are the most fiery beverages used here—those most in vogue being iced sherbets, and numerous delicious fruit ices known only at the tropics and to Domenico. Well, there they sit, and chat, and smoke, and sip, lulled by the drip of the fountain in the centre of the large mosaic-paved courtyard, the moon shining through the open square in the centre, only dimmed at times by the silken awning that is drawn across the opening if the night dew should be too heavy.

One by one the little pattering feet of the ladies are heard as they cross the courtyard to retire, the *café* grows by degrees more empty, and, after correcting our fiery northern stomachs ("unused to the melting mood" of water ices in the month of January) with a horn of capital French cognac, "to bed, to bed," as Lady Macbeth and Mr. Pepys say, the said bed being nothing more than a cot covered with a sacking, one sheet, no mattress, and a hair pillow; and these beds made up in the large dining-room of the hotel, as the city was full of visitors. There were about forty in this room, but as all the doors and windows were open, and a gentle breeze had sprung up, we all slept in the most cherubic style until five o'clock in the morning, when we were awakened by sundry young damsels attired in the "dusky livery of the burnished sun," each with a delicious cup of coffee, a manchot of snow-white bread, and the never-failing cigar. I immediately arose, awakened a long slab-sided Yankee friend of mine, with whom I had made friends on board, and off we sallied for a swim, if possible, at all events a good cold *sloush*. (This is a Somersetshire word, and a most expressive one, and if it isn't in the dictionary it ought to be.)

(To be continued.)

## WEBER'S MONUMENT.

(From the *Neue Wiener Musikzeitung*.)

THE model, by Professor Rietschel of the city of Dresden, for the bronze statue to be erected at the side of the Theatre Royal, in memory of Carl Maria von Weber, will be completed in a few days. That this mark of respect should have been originated and afterwards carried out where this high and creative genius executed the most important part of his labours, is but natural; but it is also the duty of the whole German nation, for whose musical fame throughout the world Weber, in conjunction with Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven, worked so gloriously, to take a more active part in this project than they have hitherto done. Something has already been effected, with brilliant success, on the grandest scale, and in a true feeling of art, to facilitate the commencement of the plan, by a committee formed for the purpose. The interest evinced in the proceedings, especially on the part of the theatrical establishments of Germany, has not been at all general or sufficient, while there has hardly been any shown by vocal artists. This is the less to be explained and excused, as no other operatic composer has proved such a fruitful source of the most successful results to German theatres and the singers engaged in them. Of the many singers, male and female, who have achieved, and are still achieving, triumphs in Weber's operas, there is not one—not a single one—who has made the least sacrifice for the above object, with the exception

of Madame Ney-Bürde, who will shortly again sing Rezia in Berlin, having previously given up for the monument the money she will receive for so doing. Ought it not to have been a point of honour with all the many operatic establishments in Germany, and for all its great and very great singers to have contributed to the completion of a monument to that great master, whose ever young *Der Freischütz*, and *Preciosa*, touch old and young with everlasting freshness; whose *Euryanthe* and *Oberon*, especially the former, belong to the most elevating and charming productions of art: whose war-like songs (Lützow's "Wilde Jagd," "Schwertlied," etc.), inspired, in their day, the German nation in its noble struggle; whose still more numerous instrumental compositions for piano-forte, violin, violoncello, flute, clarinet, bassoon, etc., are found in all ranks of society; and, in a word, whose works hourly afford us all the deepest and most noble enjoyment? Ought it to be a matter of such indifference to the German people generally, leaving out of consideration their musical representatives, to interest themselves in the speedy completion of Weber's monument? The committee still want 3,000 thalers for the expenses of casting. If this sum, which, compared to the number of the master's admirers, is small, be not forthcoming, a touching mark of Germany's appreciation of her most popular composer, will be out of the question—a fact which could not be reconciled either with the deep love for art possessed by the German people, or with the veneration manifested in all times for the memory of the great advanceers of art. The committee in Dresden will certainly receive with gratitude contributions for their noble object.

VIENNA.—On the 22nd and 23rd March, Liszt's solemn mass was performed, in the Redouten-Saal, under the direction of the author, by the chorus and orchestra of the Imperial Opera-house and a great number of the pupils of the Conservatory. Some of his very warm admirers offered him, during his stay here, a conductor's desk of chased silver. This handsome piece of furniture does not weigh less than 75 kilograms, and is a real masterpiece of finished workmanship. According to a computation, which we have every reason to believe exact, it is worth more than 15,000 francs. M. Roger is still pursuing his successful career at the Kärnthner-Theater. The following are a few particulars, but little known, concerning the early life of this celebrated singer. M. Roger held a completely subordinate position in a commercial establishment. He was received in the house of a lady, a widow, of a certain age, who, having heard him sing, was struck by his voice and advised him to take lessons, which might enable him to procure an engagement as chorister at the Opera. As Roger was not able to afford, out of his moderate salary, the necessary twenty francs a month, the widow advanced them, and, after a certain period, the young *virtuoso* was engaged as a chorister. After migrating, without any marked success, to the Opéra-Comique, he returned to the theatre at which he had first appeared, and it was not long, thanks to his talent and a proper feeling of ambition, before he obtained the first place. Out of gratitude, he married the widow, who was the cause of his elevation, and who, treating him more as her child than her husband, takes the most touching care of him. Roger has been heard and admired in most of the capitals of Europe, and, though the Paris Opera-house may, perhaps, be rather too large for his voice, is greatly esteemed and liked, especially by the ladies.—*Humorist*.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE BY SIGNOR BOSCO.—Signor Bosco, the "Wizard," had been performing nightly in the Assembly-room of the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. On one night he had, as usual, a crowded house; his performances were as clever as ever, and nothing extraordinary was noted in his demeanour. On returning to his lodgings something appears to have induced him to attempt suicide by throwing himself into a pit in a brick-croft, about a mile from his lodgings, behind Strangeways Hall. He was followed by his wife, whose screams, when she saw him in the pit, attracted a policeman. With some difficulty the officer succeeded in dragging Signor Bosco out of the water, and conducted him to the police station. He has since recovered from the ill consequences of this act of mental aberration.

## M. FÉTIS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC.

IN the fourth and most recent of this series of articles, M. Fétis turns his attention to the dramatic branch of the art. He points out how operatic composition is the most attractive to young composers aspiring after fame, the theatre affording the widest publicity, and being the surest road to popularity, while it is the only field in which success is remunerative. The theatrical career, however, is full of delusions, and when much time has been wasted in overcoming the difficulties of obtaining a start, the result is too frequently only a series of vexations, ending in failure and disappointment. M. Fétis describes here a peculiar feature of French theatrical affairs, rendering it difficult to ascertain when really a success has been obtained or not. Absolute failure, since the organisation of the *claque* with all its deceptive arsenal of counterfeit demonstration, has become impossible. The public, seeing their judicial functions so completely wrested from their hands by these impudent actors before the curtain, have abdicated their right of summary condemnation, and no longer hiss their disapproval—but merely stay away. So generally adopted likewise is the system of producing these artificial successes, every party concerned contributing his share in the deception, that all are in turn made dupes, and neither author, actor, composer, manager, nor journalist, can discern a genuine from a sham success, save, at the end of many nights of performance; for the multitude of strangers arriving by railway to the capital will always supply a certain number of spectators, whatever the work performed.

Another difficulty, even supposing success be actually and *bonâ fide* realised, is to determine to what element of attraction that success is due. Seldom will it be the excellence of the music, so few are those endowed with a sincere love of the art, and capable of appreciating the real beauties of a work, supposing it to possess any. The character of the music, indeed, has come to be a secondary consideration with managers, who possess little judgment in the matter; and reliance is rather placed on some novel peculiarity in the book, the vogue of a great singer, or the opportunities afforded for splendid scenery and dresses, or startling mechanical effects. Thus a composer who has once obtained a footing on the stage, need trouble himself but little about the intrinsic merit of his work, which is sure to succeed—until it dies a natural death. To this fatal facility of success is due much of the degeneracy into which compositions for the stage have fallen. Artists have learned to despise their art when they have seen it thus converted into the mere accessory to an evening's amusement. One work follows another; each in turn is condemned to absolute oblivion, not so much as a concert piece remaining, while even the very titles are forgotten.

Bad as things are, however, all hope must not be abandoned. *Nil desperari* is as good a maxim for the artist as for the patriot; but matters have gone too far in Paris to afford the least chance of success for any reformatory movement which should commence there. The manners of a people are not to be altered by an open conflict with them—they must be indirectly operated on from some remote point. Parisian managers are too fondly enamoured of the system at present existing, with all its traditional usages, to be dissuaded from it. It could, indeed, scarcely be otherwise, whatever might be the result financially, or in mere show, of their mode of operating. Being ignorant in all that concerns music when merely properly executed, they cannot be brought to measure its power and effect. They can only be guided by great names—but when a man has won a name he is near the end of his career, and thus the future is left unprovided for. It is possible to imagine, however, a manager conversant with music and devoted to the cause of true art, who should constantly draw round him all the young and rising talent he could discover, encouraging and guiding wherever there was promise, and thus bring back the time when operas were written and heard for themselves, and not as accessories. But this is a dream, and no such a manager will ever flourish in Paris.

Having pointed out the evil, the remedy is to be considered. There needs little ingenuity, writes M. Fétis, to discover it, for experience has pointed it out. The centralisation of everything

in Paris has stood in the way of progress with French dramatic music, while in Italy the multiplicity of theatres has afforded an excellent field for practice. From these have sprung a succession of composers of the first rank, and a long list of Italian towns may be cited as having produced the greatest artists. True, it may be said these theatres are still in existence while there is a manifest decadence of Italian art. But in addition to the special causes for this already pointed out, Italy is absorbed, and has long been so, by serious preoccupations, turning away public attention from art and its cultivation.

The great number of towns in Germany possessing lyrical stages all of equal importance corroborates the view which is here taken. German composers, from Mozart downwards, have written their most successful works, and have written indifferently, for all of these in turn; whereas French composers have only been enabled to gain a reputation in Paris, which in matters of art has swallowed up all France. M. Féti's had early taken into consideration this disadvantage for the future prospects of his pupils at the Conservatoire, and had recommended, in order to obviate it, the endowment of five great provincial towns with a subvention of 50,000 or 60,000 francs, for a theatre, in which should be produced three operas in one or two acts, and two in three acts, composed by laureates of the Institute, nominated to that effect by the Minister of the Interior, on the report of the Chief of the Theatrical Department.

From the numerous essays which would have thus been brought to light, M. Féti's considers that many productions would have resulted of distinguished superiority, and the frequent opportunities of practice afforded would have caused young composers to acquire a great freedom in the art of writing, while, in their turn, these would have greatly improved the executive powers of the choruses and orchestras by their advice and supervision, and counteracted the bad habits which vocalists acquire in the provinces. The public of the provincial towns thus favoured, flattered by the appeal to their judgment, would have taken an active interest in the scheme, and, by exercising their free suffrages with a vigorous independence unknown to the tolerant Parisian audiences, would have rendered success more valuable by the mortification of an occasional reverse.

**BRUSSELS.**—(From a Native Correspondent).—The journals are in ecstasies with another pianist (pupil of M. Louis Lacombe), who is to extinguish (if we may believe the Flemish and Walloon critics) Mad. Clauss, Mdle. Caussemille, and even Mad. Pleyel. The name of this new pianist is Mdle. Delphine—not Gay, nor Fix, nor Champignon, but Champon! *Va pour Champon!* A new wonder, aged 16 (*qui reunit*, &c.), who plays (of course) Mendelssohn's concerto in G minor, and (not of course) Ries's concerto in C\*, and (still less of course) M. Lacombe's "*belle étude en octaves*." When you hear "the young and tender Champon" you may judge for yourself. For my part I detest the piano and abominate pianists. G.

**A NEW OPERA BY RICHARD WAGNER.**—The assertion that, in addition to the *Nibelungen*, Richard Wagner had finished another new opera, which he wishes to have represented first in Prague, is, according to the *Zeitschrift für Musik*, doubly erroneous. To begin with: the *Nibelungen* is not all complete, but only the introductory evening and the first two principal evenings (*Rheingold*, *Walkyre*, and *Young Siegfried*). The last evening (*Siegfried's Death*) has yet to be composed. It is true that Wagner has put off working at this, in order first to complete the book and music of a new opera, the subject of which is kept a secret by the author. But it is another mistake to assert that the new opera is already completed. The impossibility of this will be immediately apparent to every one, when we inform them that Wagner did not begin the *libretto* until the middle of August, last year. It is, however, a proof of his enormous productivity that, within a space of four months, he has not only finished the entire book, but, likewise, the music of the first act. He was prevented working any more at his task by his journey to Paris.—*Niederrheinische Musikzeitung*.

\* Our correspondent probably means the concerto in C sharp minor.—Ed.

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